

THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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Correspondence.—Correspondence is solicited from every section in regard to Grand Army, Sons of Veterans, Pension, and Military matters, and letters to the Editor will always receive prompt attention. Write on one side of the paper only. We do not return communications or manuscripts unless they are accompanied by a request to that effect and the necessary postage, and under no circumstances guarantee their publication at any special date.

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THE NATIONAL TRIBUNE.

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STORIES OF WASHINGTON LIFE.

We take pleasure in announcing that we have secured from Mrs. Lockwood, author of "Historic Homes" and "A Century in the White House," a series of articles on the famous men and women who have played conspicuous parts in the National Capital, and which will certainly prove of unusual interest.

THEY have developed the fact that as late as 1814 the name of Texas was the New Philippines. Texas has certainly been a lot of trouble to us, but she never produced an Aguinaldo.

SENATOR BILLY MASON has been discovering that Chicago beer is "embalmed." And this, too, just when everything points to a long, dry, hot Summer.

THE yellow papers grossly exaggerated the number of cissy soldiers among the Spanish War Volunteers. Everywhere they are assuring the Government of their eagerness to return to the service if it needs them for the Philippines.

WHEN we think of the naturally bombastic character of the Latin peoples it is astonishing that there is no more swashbuckling about Havana than there is. Think of the noise there would be there if those people were French.

WHAT makes it up-hill work to defend Evans is that every little community and every Post of the Grand Army of the Republic contains victims of his injustice, who are living witnesses against him, and resolute in their testimony.

EVANS abuses the pension attorneys for inciting all the feeling against him. Absolutely untrue. The pension attorneys could not do it if they could. Evans has the most despotic authority over them, and they know how quickly he would use it to disbar them if they gave him any pretext.

THE testimony of Chief Engineer Arthur, of the Brotherhood of Railroad Engineers, before the Industrial Investigation Commission is a most creditable story of the Order of which he is the head. While other railroad organizations have had sensational careers, culminating in bloody strikes, and then lost importance and membership, the Brotherhood of Engineers has gone ahead steadily and conservatively, settled its disputes by amicable conferences with the managers, has constantly improved the character of its membership, has secured everything right and reasonable in the way of work, wages, hours, etc., etc. Its strike fund, which has not been touched for many years, now amounts to \$100,000. It paid out last year \$42,000 to widows and orphans, and so far has paid out \$8,000,000 in insurance. That is the kind of a labor organization that can not be too highly praised.

ENCAMPMENT TICKETS.

We shall give round-trip tickets to the National G. A. R. Encampment at Philadelphia as premiums for club-raisers. Particulars upon application.

MR. EVANS'S ANIMUS.

It has been noted with surprise that while it has been the invariable and rightful practice to appoint as Commissioners men who are in sympathy with and have knowledge of the functions that their Bureaus are called upon to perform, Commissioner Evans has neither. For example, the Commissioner of Internal Revenue is a man who has made a lifelong study of the subject and methods of internal taxation. He knows that while there are plenty of scoundrels who are lying awake o' nights to devise methods of swindling the Government out of its dues, by far the greater part of the distillers, brewers, oleomargarine manufacturers, tobacco merchants, manufacturers and retailers, are honest men, genuinely desirous of complying with the laws, and conducting their business upon proper principles. When he gets on the track of a rascal he pursues him relentlessly until he has broken him up and landed him in the penitentiary. If it is necessary he does not hesitate to order him killed. But he is very far from constantly filling the papers with virulent slanders of the men with whom his office does business. This is reserved for the Commissioner of Pensions.

It is the same with the Commissioner of the General Land Office. He has an amazing amount of trouble with land sharks, but he knows that 99 per cent. of the men with whom he does business are honest settlers anxious to build up homes for themselves on the public domain, and develop the country. He has an honest sympathy with them, and desires to help them, which does not for an instant estop him from invoking all the terrors of the law upon any one he catches in wrong-doing. He does not insult all the home-seekers of the country, and the reputable men they employ as attorneys, by filling the newspapers with wanton calumnies on them as a class.

The Commissioner of Indian Affairs has "troubles of his own," if any man has, but he is actuated by ardent sympathies with the "wards of the Nation," and rather defends them than denounces them.

The Commissioner of Patents understands that it is his duty to get into close touch with the inventors of the country, and administer the laws for their benefit, while keeping proper regard for the interests of the country. Occasionally, he has some terrific wrestles with covetous and unscrupulous men, for the patents of this country involve billions of dollars, but he has never yet written or inspired a newspaper article denouncing patentees and patent attorneys as a class given over to utter hardness of heart and reprobacy of spirit.

We might go on and enumerate other officials of the same rank, to whom the same remarks would apply. They are all as faithful, zealous, competent officials as Mr. Evans can claim himself to be. They are as careful of the Government's interests as any men can be. There is not a breath of suspicion that any one of them is unduly lenient, or too little regardful of the interests of the people.

Yet among all these Commissioners Mr. Evans is the only one who is out of all sympathy and heart with those with whom he deals, who never yet said a good word for any of them, but who is constantly filling the papers with praises of his own vigilance and integrity, and denouncing those within the scope of the Bureau's action as conscienceless scoundrels, bent only upon plundering the Treasury by cunning, falsehood, perjury, grand larceny and wicked contriving.

Yet no officer of the Government has larger or more summary powers for dealing with wrongdoers than the Commissioner of Pensions. He can land in the penitentiary with railroad speed any one offending the stringent laws.

Without any soldierly experience, and out of all sympathy with veterans and their representatives, Evans must go.

A WARNING.

Some Republican papers are making a great mistake in rushing to the defense of Evans, because they think the Administration is attacked. This is not the case. The most ardent supporters of President McKinley in general are the old veterans. They stood by him to a man during the Spanish war, and then refrained from attacking Evans for fear it would hurt the Administration, and because they felt that the President was too much engrossed with momentous duties to note how the Pension Bureau was being run. They are now making themselves heard, because there is a political lull, in which their complaints can be listened to without any fear of political complications. The wise thing for the President to do is to attend to this matter now, and not have it projected into the next campaign. Their best course is to join in the demand for the immediate removal of this one wholly unsatisfactory one of the President's appointees. The veterans are well enough satisfied with almost everybody else, but they are a unit in demanding that he must go.

GERMANY'S PURCHASE.

Germany has started us by purchasing, for about \$5,000,000, the Marianas, Caroline, and Pelew Islands, which form a chain in the Pacific lying between us and the Philippines. We secured the most important of these—Guam—but all the rest will pass under the German flag.

The importance of this move is strategic, not commercial, as altogether the islands have only 1,000 square miles of area, but 45,000 population, and very slender resources. They are worth nothing except as coaling and naval stations, and it was thought at the time of the Treaty of Paris, that we had amply provided ourselves with these after taking Guam, and the cession of the rest was not insisted upon. It would have been had it been known that Germany was after them, for she is not a desirable neighbor. Still we have no complaint to make against Germany, for she has acted strictly within her rights. It merely explains and emphasizes her unfriendly attitude at Manila, and shows distinctly that we must reckon with her in the Orient.

Spain has done a good thing in getting \$5,000,000 for possessions which can be of no value to her. Their value to Germany is very doubtful. In the event of a war with us she will suffer under the severe disadvantage that they are cut in two and surrounded by our possessions, and lie but 6,000 miles from our shores, while they are 15,000 miles away from her.

To every paper which he hopes will print it Mr. Evans has sent a long statement of the number of veterans employed in the Pension Bureau, and the important positions they hold. The object is to make out that it is they who are running the Bureau and not he. This is absolutely untrue and misleading. All these men are merely clerks and subordinates. They have no more to do with the actual policy of the Bureau than the clerks in the Treasury Department have to do with the silver question or the tariff. The Departments and Bureaus in Washington are, and must necessarily be, great machines, carefully organized and regulated, with each man a mere cog, lever or connection. He can have no independence of action. Otherwise there would be hopeless confusion. Each man must be as completely subordinate as the men in the ranks of a regiment. The various clerks, chiefs, etc., in the Pension Bureau have no more independence as to pension ratings and allowances than their fellow employees in the Treasury have as to tariff ratings and collections, or the duties on oleomargarine and whisky. There is only this difference: The Secretary of the Treasury himself is bound by strict law as to his impositions upon imports, and internal excises, while the Commissioner of Pensions is given great discretion as to pension allowances. But the Commissioner allows none to his subordinates. They must carry out his rules to the letter. This sufficiently answers the whole of the columns of matter which Mr. Evans is furnishing the papers.



Si Klegg as a Veteran

Si Klegg and his chum Shorty, both of the 200th Inf., at Chickamauga engage in fierce battle. Si and Shorty capture a rebel flag, but both fall in the melee. They are taken off the field in bad condition. Deacon Klegg hears about it and journeys to the hospital. He fails to be able to buy some chickens for Si's brother on account of the owner's fear of taking U. S. money. So he takes his own, a black hen, drops a \$5 bill at the feet of the owner, and dashes away in time to escape capture by the Johnnies. He makes a saviorish dash for Si and Shorty. Foraging again he surprises and captures a team containing provisions prepared for the men in a rebel camp by the same people from whom he got the chickens. Being conscientious, he tries to return the team later. Rebel artillery frightens the horse, which demolishes the wagon. A company of Union cavalry relieves the Deacon and the horse and gives him a cow, which he claims as Gen. Rosecrank's. The General recognizes Mr. Klegg and consents to let Si and Shorty go home with him, which they do. Shorty gets a letter from a sweetheart he has never seen. The letter is read before the family, and makes Shorty so ashamed that he leaves secretly to return to his regiment, and wakes up at Jeffersonville, Ind. After recovery the partners start to the front with a squad of boy recruits.

Si and Shorty Come Very Near Losing Their Boys.

All healthy boys have a strong distrust of the savage in them. The savage alternately worships his gods with blind, unreasoning idolatry, or treats them with measureless contumely.

Evans the same with their heroes. It is either fervent admiration, or profound distrust, merging into actual contempt. After the successful little skirmish with the guerrillas the boys were wild in their enthusiasm over Si and Shorty. They could not be made to believe that Gens. Grant, Sherman and Sheridan, and the other great leaders of the moment that Si and Shorty seemed dazed by the multitude into which they were lanced, a revulsion of feeling developed, which soon threatened to be ruinous to the partners' ascendancy.

During the uncomfortable, wakeful night the prestidigitator partners' further difficulties. In their absence the army had been turned topsy-turvy, and reorganized in a most bewildering way. The old familiar guide-marks had disappeared. Two of the great camps had been abolished—consolidated into one, with a new number, and a strange commander. Two corps of strange troops had been ordered back to the front, and the moment that Si and Shorty seemed dazed by the multitude into which they were lanced, a revulsion of feeling developed, which soon threatened to be ruinous to the partners' ascendancy.

The morning brought no relief. Si and Shorty talked together, standing apart from the squad, and casting anxious glances at the masses of army activity, which the clearer it seemed to the boys that they were hopelessly bewildered, and the more depressed the youngsters became.

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"I do believe they're lost," whimpered little Pete Skidmore. "What in goodness will ever become of us, if we're lost in this awful wilderness?"

The rest shuddered and grew pale at this horrible prospect.

"That looks like a brigade headquarters over there," said Si, pointing to the left. "And I believe that's our old brigade flag. I'm going over there to see it."

"I don't believe it," said Shorty. "Up to the right, looks ever so much more like a brigade headquarters. I'm going up there to see. You boys stay right there, and don't move off the ground till I come back. I won't be gone long."

As he left, the boys began to feel more lonely and anxious than ever. Pete Skidmore had hard work to restrain his tears. A large, heavy-jowled man, with a mass of black whiskers, and wearing a shabby but nondescript uniform, appeared.

"That must be one of the big Generals," said Harry Joselyn. "Looks like the picture of Grant. Or is he the picture of Sherman? No, it ain't Grant, neither," said old Mack-alls. "Too big. Must be Gen. Thomas."

The awe-struck boys made an effort to form a line and receive him properly.

"Who are you boys?" said the newcomer, after gravely returning the salute.

"But we enlisted to fight and march, and not to be killed here."

"Well, you want a good breakfast just now, more'n anything else, judgin' from appearances. Come along with me, and I'll get you something to eat."

"We've enlisted for the 200th Infantry Volunteer Infantry, and now go to that regiment," protested Mr. Joselyn.

"Well, what's that got to do with your havin' a good breakfast?" said the newcomer plausibly. "You need that right off. Then we'll talk about your regiment. As a matter of fact, you're only enlisted in the army of the United States, and have the right to go to any regiment you please. Tyrannical as the officers may be, they can't take that privilege of an American freeman away from you. Come along and get breakfast, first."

The man's appearance was so impressive, his words and confident manner so convincing, and the boys so hungry that their scruples vanished, and all followed the late Lieut.-Col. Billings, as he gave the word, and started off through the mazes of the camp, with an air of confident knowledge that completed his conquest of them.

Ex-Lieut. Col. Billings strode blithely along, feeling the glowing emburser of a man who had "struck a good thing," and turning over in his mind as to where he had best market his batch of lively recruits, how he could get around the facts of their previous enlistment, and how much he ought to realize per head. He felt that he could afford to give the boys a good breakfast, and that that would be fine policy. Accordingly, he led the way to one of the numerous large eating houses, established by enterprising sutlers, to their own great profit, and the shrinkage of the pay of the volunteers. He lined the boys up in front of the long shelf which served for a table, and ordered the keeper:

"Now, give each of these boys a good break-

"Great Jehoshaphat," gasped Shorty, "fast of ham and eggs and trimmings, and I'll settle for it."

"Good mornin', Kinnel. When'd you get down here?" said a voice at his elbow.

"Hello, Groundhog, is that you?" said Billings, turning around. "Just the man I wanted to see. Finish your breakfast, and come out here. I want to talk to you."

"Well," answered Groundhog, wiping his mouth, "I've done very well so far. I've shined aint made nothin' off me. I kin tell you, I've the first square meal I've had for a week, and I've it until there ain't a crack left inside of me that a sneaker could get his bill in. I laid out to get the wuth of my money, and I done it. What're you doin' down here in this hole?"

"Jinganny's good enough for general principles, but just now there's too much Abolition malaria there for me. The Lincoln straps've got the swing on me, and I thought I'd take a change of air. I've come down here to see if there weren't some chances to make a good thing. I've done very well so far. I've done it in cattle, and got some cotton through the lines—enough at least to pay my board and railroad fare. But I think the best thing is in recruits, and I've got a scheme which I may let you into. You know there are a lot of agents down here from the New England States trying to get niggers to fill up the 200th Infantry. Them two ornery galsots, Si and Shorty, whose necks I ought to break when I was with the regiment, have brought 'em down. They're not 'git' to the 200th Infantry, if I kin help it, though. First place, it'll give old McBiddle, that Abolition varmint, enough to git him mustered as Genl. He'll be helped out with a few dollars for him. He's recommended for promotion for gittin' his arm shot off at Chickamauga. Wish it'd bin his cussed head."

"But what're you goin' to do with the gang?" Groundhog inquired.

"O, there are two or three men around here that I kin sell 'em to for big money. I ought to make a clean thousand off 'em if I make a cent."

"How much'll I git out of that?" inquired Groundhog anxiously.

"Well, you aint entitled to nothin' by rights. I've hived this crowd all by myself, and kin work 'em all right. But if you'll come along and make my money, I'll give you a sawbuck. But on the nigger law I'll stand in even with you, half and half, and you'll run 'em in, and I'll place 'em, and we'll whack up."

"Taint enough," answered Groundhog angrily. "Look here, Jeff Billings, I know you of old. You've played on me before, and I won't stand no more of it. Jest suppose you've bin a Lieutenant Colonel and me only a teamster you've played the high and mighty with me. I'm jest as good as you are, any day. I wouldn't give a howl in the infernal regions for your promises. You come down now with \$100 in greenbacks, and I'll go along and help you to make it."

"If I don't what'll you do, you low-lived whelp?" said Billings, in his usual brow-beating manner. "I only let you into this as a favor, because I've knowed you before. You haint brains enough to make a piecanyone your self, and haint no gratitude when some one else makes it for you. Git out o' here. I'm ashamed to be for speakin' to a nigger you bound like you. Git out o' here before I kick you out. Don't you dare speak to one o' them boys, or ever to me again. If you do I'll mash you. Git out."

Si and Shorty's dismay when they returned and found their squad entirely dissipated was overwhelming. They stood and gazed at one another for a minute in speechless alarm and wonderment.

"Great goodness," gasped Si at length, "they can't have gone far. They must be somewhere around."

"They know about that," said Shorty despondently. "We've bin gone some little time, and they're quick-footed little rascals. What fools we wuz to be both of us and leave 'em. 'Em, murmured Si in deep contrition. "What fools we wuz."

Shorty rushed off in the direction of the sutler's shanties, where instinct told him he was most likely to find the runaways.

He ran up against Groundhog.

"Where are you goin' in such a devil of a hurry?" the teamster asked. "Smell a disillibery somewhere?"

"Hello, Groundhog, is that you? Aint you dead yet? Say, have you seen a squad o' recruits around here—all boys, with new uniforms, and no letters or numbers on their caps?"

"Lots and gobs of 'em. Camp's full of 'em. More comin' in by every train."

"But these wuz old Infantry boys, most of 'em likely. Not an old man among 'em."

"Shorty, I know where your boys are. What'll you give me to tell you?"

Shorty knew his man of old, and just the basis on which to open negotiations.

"Groundhog, I've just had my canteen filled with first-class whisky—none of your commissary rotgut, but old rye, hand-made, fire-distilled. I got it to take out to the boys o' the regiment to celebrate my comin' back. Let me have just one drink out of it, and I'll give it to you if you'll tell."

Groundhog wavered an instant. "I wuz offered \$10 to have just one drink out of it. Shorty was desperate. 'I'll give you the whisky and \$10.'"

"Here's the money," said Shorty, showing a bill. "I aint goin' to trust you with the canteen, but I'll pour out this big spoon full, which'll be enough for you to taste." Shorty drew a spoon from his haversack, and filled it level full.

"It's certainly boss likker," said Groundhog, after he had drunk it, and prudently hefted the canteen to see if it was full. "I'll take your word. You're to have just one drink out of it, and no more, and not a hog swaller, neither."

"I declare," said a big Waggonmaster, as the General galloped off. "I that old Cump Sherman don't beat the world. He not only knows where every where a nigger's whole army is located, but I believe he knows every man in it. He's a far-reacher, I tell you."

"Great Jehoshaphat," gasped Shorty, "was that Gen. Tecumseh Sherman?"

"As sure 's you're a foot high," replied the Waggonmaster.

"And I hold him to mind his own business," stammered Shorty.

"Yes, and if it hadn't bin for him you'd 'a' lost us, darn it," ejaculated little Pete Skidmore.

[To be continued.]

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The Government has never allowed the exact losses in the disgraceful affair to become known, but it has admitted that at least 5,000 men and 150 officers were killed by the Abyssinians, and 70 cannon lost, as well as immense trains carrying ammunition and supplies. The Italian General in command ran off and could not be found for two days. None of his subordinates seems to have been capable of taking command, and stopping the rout. The whole thing was inexpressibly damaging to the Italian military character, and helped to depreciate the estimation of the Latin races. If 60,000 British, Dutch, Scandinavian or German soldiers, armed with breech-loaders, had been put on an Abyssinian mountain they would have stood off the whole of Africa.

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JEFF DAVIS used to boast that no matter how many others in the South might recognize the march of events, and go over to the side of the Union, he had never seen "a reconstructed woman or preacher." The Presbyterian Church testifies to the truth of the last part of this. At the recent General Assembly at Minneapolis, it was unanimously voted to make no more overtures toward reconciliation with the Presbyterian Church South until the latter gives some signs of wanting to be reconciled to their brethren who were guilty of the crime of supporting the Union. Every time the Presbyterian Church has made advances toward bringing the Southern preachers back into the fold it has been met with redomontade about "dragging the cross of Christ at the wheels of the chariot of Caesar." This has made the Presbyterians of the loyal part of the country very weary, and they have wisely decided to let their Confederate colleagues sulk it out.

General me and my partner here," began Si, "have bin home on wounded furlough. Wounded at Chickamauga, and promoted. We got orders to be on the march in a couple of days. We got in last night, and this mornin' me and my partner started out to see if we could find some one to direct us to the regiment, leavin' the squad alone for a few minutes. While we wuz gone this feller, who's bin fired out of our regiment, and another one in his stead, came along and tolled our boys off, intendin' to sneak 'em into another regiment, and git pay for 'em. By great good luck we ketcht him in time, just before you come up. You kin ask the boys themselves if I haint told you the truth."

"Good idea," said the General, in his quick, peremptory way. "You three (indicating Si, Shorty and Billings) march off there 25 paces, while I talk to the boys."

Gen. Sherman, for it was the Commander of the Military Division of the Mississippi, who, with his usual impetuous, thorough way, would investigate even the most insignificant affair in his camps, when the hum of a train, now sprang from his horse, and began a sharp, nervous cross-questioning of the boys as to their names, residence, ages, how they came there, and whether they were bound.

"You came down with this Sergeant and Corporal, did you?" You were recruited for the 200th Ind., wuz you? You were put under the charge of those men to be taken to your regiment," he asked Pete Skidmore, at the end of the line?

"Yes, sir," blubbered Pete. "And they are always losin' us, particularly me, darn 'em. Spite all I kin say to 'em they'll lose me, darn their skulls, and I'll be a hog swaller, neither."

"No, my boy, you shan't be lost," said the General kindly, as he remounted. "Stick to your command, and you'll come through all right. Billings, you thorough-paced rascal, I want you to get to the other side of the Ohio River as quickly as the trains will carry you. I haven't time to do with you, but if you are wise, you'll take it. Serg't Klegg and Corp'l Elliott, you deserve to lose your stripes for both of you leaving your squad at the same time. See that you don't do it again. You'll find the 200th Ind. in camp on the east side of McKim's Ridge, about a mile south of Rossville Gap. Go out this road until you pass old John Ross's house about a half a mile. You'll find several roads leading off to the right, but don't take any of them till you come to one that turns off by a sweet gum and a honey-loose stand together on the banks of a creek. Underneath a sweet gum and a honey-loose stand together, on the banks of a creek. Turn off there, go across the mountain, and you'll find your camp. Move promptly now."

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